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Seventh Ordinary Meeting, February 27th, 1860.

THE EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, PRESIDENT, in the Chair.

PRESENTATIONS.—*Commander H. Carr Glyn, R.N.; Colonels Stephen John Hill and J. F. Dudley Crichton Stuart, M.P.; the Rev. T. Silver; and A. Benson Dickson, C. H. C. Plowden, W. W. Seymour Smith, and F. Verbeke, Esqrs., were presented upon their Election.*

ELECTIONS.—*The Rev. J. C. Curry Fussell; Captain Lawrence Heyworth; the Rev. H. J. Ingilby; Major A. Burrowes Kemball, C.B. (H. M.'s Consul General, Bagdad); the Rev. T. W. Prickett; Major Patrick Stewart, Bengal Engineers; the Rev. H. P. Wright; and W. H. D. Archer, G. Parker Bidder (Pres. Inst. Civ. Eng.), Thomas A. Mariette, Daniel Meinertzhagen, G. T. Murray, W. B. Phillimore, D. Brooke Robertson (H. M.'s Consul at Canton), William Howard Russell, LL.D., J. Shaw Stewart, and J. Palmer Stocker, Esqrs., were elected Fellows.*

The Papers read were:—

1. *On South Africa.* By C. J. ANDERSSON, Esq.

On the River Okovango, lat. $17^{\circ} 30'$, long. 19° ,
(approximately), March 26th, 1859.

FOUR days ago, after vast exertions, I struck the river (I am not quite sure the name is correct) from which I now date this hasty scrawl. I have accidentally encountered a party of Mambari *en route* for their homes in the vicinity of the kingdom of Benguela; and although the chances of these lines ever reaching you are very remote, I do not like to let slip the opportunity of addressing you. But it would be useless, under the circumstances, to enter fully into details of my proceedings since I last wrote to you. I write more for those who feel some interest in my poor self than otherwise.

Cunene I have not seen, and probably never shall, though I shall certainly strive hard to accomplish my original object. But this river seems now to afford as much interest (I firmly believe it to be a branch of that prince of rivers, the Zambesi) as the Cunene, for it is of most noble proportions, which you may judge of from the fact of its being no less than 200 to 300 yards broad, apparently of great depth, and with a steady current flowing at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles per hour. But you will probably be surprised to learn that its flow is *eastward* and not westward. What river can then this be in such latitude and longitude? Why, no doubt, the Chobe, or one of its principal branches. Part of its waters of course finds its way to Lake Ngami *viâ* Tioughe, but it seems utterly impossible that all this mighty flow of water should find an outlet solely through

that comparatively small stream. Not having Dr. Livingstone's map by me nor his work, I cannot judge how far that worthy explorer's views and knowledge may agree with my theory. But a strong proof in confirmation of what I here project is the circumstance of the *Makololo*, in a late foray that they made to these parts, having come *in canoes all the way from Sekeletu's town*. I am aware, of course, of the Dzo River, but that does not answer the purpose very well. A very intelligent native drew for me on the ground a rough sketch of the river, in which he makes it divide in the neighbourhood of Libebe—one branch flowing south (the Tioughe) and another to Sekeletu's capital.

Since I struck this river, I have descended it near 40 miles in order to visit the paramount chief of these parts, and have found the average course to be S.S.E. If it continues so, which I have reason to believe it does, then we shall have to move Libebe more westward and perhaps a little southward of its position in former maps. The chief to which I allude rules over a tribe called Ovaquangari, residing along the river for a distance of about one hundred miles—if not more. They are at once a pastoral and an agricultural race, and were lately living in great affluence until that scourge of Central South Africa, the *Makololo*, ravaged the land throughout its entire length and breadth, sweeping away vast herds of cattle, and besides killing many people, carrying off numerous prisoners. Confound the *Makololo*! I devoutly wish Dr. Livingstone was safe back at Sekeletu's, for I believe he possesses great influence with that chief, and may therefore possibly be the means of stopping further bloodshed and desolation. All the fine promises that the *Makololo* made to that noble explorer, and all their protestations and cry for peace, after all, you see, was a mere political farce. It is a thousand pities, since this people already possess more cattle than they know well what to do with. There is not a tribe or nation within several hundred miles of their capital that has not been impoverished by these gentlemen marauders.

The banks of this river are considerably elevated, but slope gradually down to the water's edge. The upper portions are luxuriantly covered with tall handsome forest trees of a dark foliage, prettily set off by vegetation of a lighter and fresher hue near the water, such as vast cornfields, groups of acacias, &c. There is nothing striking or gorgeous in the appearance of the vegetation, but the *tout ensemble* is effective. Only, as far as I have seen, the north side of the river is laid under cultivation. The cereals are of the usual native description. The river abounds in fish, alligators, and hippopotami, and is navigated by canoes.

I have come here quite alone, only accompanied by a single native attendant, but return forthwith to fetch my waggon and men from the desert, distant about 80 or 90 miles. The Ovaquangari appear to be a fine race of men, but I cannot say I have as yet any reason to feel very confident in them. They have much intercourse with the Ovampo, and of course know well our proceedings in that quarter. Not yet knowing the real strength of my party, they are as yet very civil, though a little forward.

Three days' journey *east* of the Ovaquangari, the Ovabundya dwell; they are a somewhat smaller tribe. Beyond them again we find Ozomboi, and still farther east Bavickos and Libebes. Whether the two last-named are identical or two distinct tribes I cannot make out, but am inclined to think they are distinct. I must forbear to say anything at present of the country to the N. and N.W. The Mambari, no doubt (though by the by they don't look very intelligent), could give me some valuable information of these parts; but though there is a man here who can make them understand, I cannot for my life induce the fellow to interpret for me. But one thing seems certain, viz. that they dwell on this very river and a very long way off, say at least twenty days. Further it seems certain that this river has its source very far to the north. If this be so—and the volume of water almost speaks for itself—and that its course is about N.N.W., it then seems to me very evident that the Cunene must flow nearly parallel with the coast for a considerable distance.

Short as the distance may appear to you that I have traversed, I have yet had desperate hard work to accomplish it. My course has been wofully zigzag. For about 300 miles the axe has never been out of our hands. I have usually six expert men at work from day-break till dark, and sometimes I am compelled to throw my whole force on it, and yet such is the denseness of the bush and the forest (from Okamabuti to this point it is one *unbroken forest*) that for days we can only get a few miles. Indeed, more than once have we been three or four days in getting as many miles. I might have had some fine shooting had time permitted, for some parts traversed literally swarmed with elephants, but except when we stood in absolute want of food I never went in pursuit of them. Nevertheless, since I last wrote to you, I have succeeded in securing about twenty noble bulls.

P.S.—It may interest naturalists to know that I have made a considerable collection of insects, chiefly *coleoptera*, somewhere about 10,000 *individuals*. The field, however, is comparatively poor for the entomologist.

Mr. Andersson again writes as follows: "Lat. 17° 46', long. 18°, near the river Okovango, Aug. 1, 1859. . . . For the last four

months I have been almost wholly confined to my bed, and God only knows when the disease will take a favourable turn. It is a fever of the most malignant kind that I am suffering from. The whole of my party have been invalids from the same cause, and some have even died of the effects.

It was my intention to have traced the course of this river northward for some distance, and then to strike out for Benguela. Every preparation was made for the attempt, when, alas! all my plans were frustrated by the whole of my men being laid prostrate by the terrible fever from which I am still suffering. My regret was naturally extreme at being thus unexpectedly compelled to abandon an undertaking which just then seemed to promise every success.

My retreat to Damaraland is at present completely cut off from want of water. There are no natural springs in this country. I must wait at least four months before the rains fall."

A report from Cape Town stated that in consequence of Andersson's forlorn condition, Mr. F. Green intended to start from Damaraland immediately to his assistance, and hoped to reach him by the end of October. Mr. Green expected to be on his way back about the end of December, if not earlier.

SIR GEORGE GREY, F.R.G.S., Governor of the Cape, said he was totally ignorant of that part of the country where Mr. Andersson was, and he did not feel qualified to say much regarding it. The only point in the paper which struck him was the character given of the people of the interior. Now he did not feel certain in his own mind that the Makololo tribes were as bad as Mr. Andersson conceived. That gentleman had heard only the story of one tribe; could he have sat as an impartial judge, and have heard the reasons which induced the Makololo to attack the people in question, he would probably have heard some defence in justification of their conduct. He was himself the more inclined to believe this from the conclusion of Mr. Andersson's letter; for the impression left upon his mind was, that he was very doubtful of the character of the tribe amongst whom Mr. Andersson found himself. From his own knowledge of the connexions of the Makololo, he really believed that they were as good as any African tribe with which we were acquainted. Mr. Andersson was a man of energetic character, devoted to his duty, and receiving no adequate reward for his labours; and it struck him that it would be a graceful act on the part of this Society to convey to Mr. Andersson some expression of sympathy and regret for the state in which he was unfortunately left. To persons at a distance the recognition of their services, and sympathy for their sufferings, produced a much greater effect than those who lived at home could imagine.

The second Paper read was—

2. *On the Congo.* By Captain N. B. BEDINGFELD, R.N., F.R.G.S.

11, Portsea Place, Connaught Square, Jan. 19, 1860.

At a time when such efforts are being made to open out the interior of Africa to the benefits of legal commerce and civilization, it has